

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

MIND SHOULD BE THE STANDARD IN MARRIAGE.

Men who marry beneath them often have a most uncomfortable time after the knot is tied. However high may be their own social standing, they cannot compel society to see the match from their point of view. True, if they are pious and persistent, and what is more essential, if their wives have tact and certain other superior qualities which make for social popularity, the pair usually wins the fight in the end. The struggle is apt to be a long and hard one, and society never forgets, even though it may consent to ignore the pit from which the newcomer was dug.

When a woman takes a husband from a lower social plane than her own the case is much more difficult. When the man is markedly beneath his wife she can, as a rule, expect nothing but to be dropped by her own set. She turns over the most decidedly new leaf which is possible in society to that of her husband, and must adjust herself to the change of circumstances as best she may, an adjustment which is rarely effected without regret and pain, which are likely to increase instead of diminish as time passes. Almost without exception, in ordinary marriages, it is the husband who establishes the social line for the new household. If that is higher than the one to which the bride has been accustomed she has the opportunity to rise; if lower, she must almost surely descend.

Once in a great while, when a woman disregards society and takes a husband from a plane below her own, her wisdom is justified by the result. There are men who have sufficient force of character and enough talent, not to say genius, to command success, and to be, as Napoleon said, their own ancestors. But she who hopes for this takes heavy risks; there is small chance of more than one Abraham Lincoln in a century.

The law of life is that people must be congenial in order to dwell in harmony with each other, and love cannot long endure utter incompatibility of tastes and tempers. The unequal yoke must inevitably chafe its wearer more or less, and it is not easy to smile and walk daintily under the burden.

WEAKNESS OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Here is a strange case of circumstantial evidence at once overwhelming and misleading. In the reign of Elizabeth a man named Pridoux was charged with the murder of a neighbor. The first witness testified to finding the corpse of the victim, and beside it the pitchfork bearing the initials of Pridoux. The next witness deposed that on the morning of the murder he saw Pridoux pass his house dressed in a certain suit of clothes. Four hours later, however, he saw Pridoux, then under arrest, wearing in court a wholly different costume. Then and there this witness taxed Pridoux with the change of dress, which the prisoner denied in a manner so confused and stalling that the magistrate at once granted a warrant to search the accused's house. The clothes, drenched in blood, were found concealed in the straw stuffing of a bed. A third witness testified to threats uttered by Pridoux against the deceased, with whom he had had a deadly quarrel.

Pridoux in his defense said that as he was passing on the morning of the murder through deceased's grounds he saw a man lying, dead drunk as he thought, some distance from the path. On lifting him he found that it was his neighbor, with blood pouring from two wounds made by the pitchfork. Pridoux adjured him to give the name of his assailant, but the mere effort brought on the death rattle and a discharge of blood from the mouth which deluged Pridoux's clothes. When he had laid the dead man down and had got over the first horror of the thing, his own peril occurred to him and hurried him from the spot in such haste to change his blood stained clothes that he took by mistake the murdered man's pitchfork, leaving his own.

A GREAT FRENCH ARTIST.

Jean Leon Jerome, instructor of many American painters. One of the foremost figures in French art was Jean Leon Jerome, the famous painter and sculptor, who was found dead in his bed in Paris recently. Jerome was the instructor of many American artists and had executed many notable works for wealthy residents of this country, one of the last being an allegorical figure of Labor.

Schwab. Although 80 years of age, Jerome did not betray his years. His tall and lithe figure, with hair as white as snow, was familiar at social gatherings up to the night before he died, and his sparkling wit was ever a source of keen enjoyment to the guests.

Jerome obtained his artistic training in Rome and Paris and early achieved fame. He became wealthy and lived in a splendid palace in the French capital. For two-score years he followed his calling with the enthusiasm of youth. He was a commander of the Legion of Honor and a member of the French Institute. Among his best-known sculptures are equestrian statues of Washington and Lafayette. He had nearly completed a statue of Coriath, which he intended to be his masterpiece, when death overtook him.

FACTS ABOUT CONGRESS.

Senators Appear to Grow More Youthful in Their Old Age. In spite of all reports to the contrary, the United States Senate seems to be growing more youthful. Thirteen years ago a careful computation was made, from which it appeared that the average age of its members was 60 years. There were then only eight who were less than 45. To-day the average age is 59 years and 4 months, and in a slightly larger Senate there are fourteen men, instead of eight, who are less than 45. This difference is doubtless due to the new States which have come into the Union since that time, whose political leaders were naturally younger men. The Delaware overturn has also given the Senate two youthful members. It is almost a rule that the young States have young Senators.

But one Senator is more than 80—Mr. Pettus, the Junior Senator from Arkansas, who was born in 1821. Fourteen are between 70 and 80, twenty-two are between 60 and 70 and thirty-two between 50 and 60. The fifteen who have crossed the three-score-and-ten line include both Senators from Alabama and both from Connecticut, besides Messrs. Teller, Allison, Frye, Hoar, Gibson, Stewart, Platt, of New York, Quay, Kate, Proctor and Culom. The Constitution of the United States requires 30 as the age requirement for

Sir James Dyer, in his summing up, admitted that the evidence was circumstantial only, but irresistible. He called upon the jury to return their verdict of "guilty" at once. The foreman, however, prayed his lordship to allow the jury to withdraw to consider at length and leisure.

His lordship rated them soundly and sent them to a room without food or drink or light at all. Eleven who were for an immediate verdict of "guilty" were starved into surrender by the twelfth, the foreman, who doggedly declared he would die himself rather than hang the prisoner on such evidence. When they came into court next morning at the summons of the exasperated judge they delivered a verdict of "not guilty," which so infuriated his lordship that he declared that "the blood of the murdered man lay at their doors!" The prisoner, on the other hand, fell on his knees, and having first thanked God for his deliverance, he turned and thus addressed the judge: "You see, my lord, that God and a good conscience are the best of witnesses."

Sir James asked the foreman for an explanation of his contumacy. "My lord," replied the foreman, "I can explain only on the understanding that my explanation is confidential." "Certainly," rejoined Sir James. "Then, my lord, I may tell you that I did not consent to finding Pridoux guilty of the crime because I committed it myself." He then explained that the deceased, upon being reconvicted with for taking more title of the foreman's corn than was his due, had become first abusive and then aggressive. He even struck at the foreman several times with his pitchfork, inflicting serious wounds—whose scars the foreman showed the judge—while the mortal wounds he himself received were caused in the scuffle for possession of the fork. To secure the innocent man's acquittal he contrived to get himself summoned on the jury and appointed their foreman.

CHRISTIANITY RESTS ON SELF PERFECTION.

To live on the top of a pillar, to withdraw into the desert, or to live in a community, all this can be provisory, necessary to men; but as definite forms it is evident error and unreason. To live a pure and holy life on a pillar or in a community is impossible, because the man is deprived of a half of life—community with the world. To live always thus one must deceive one's self; it is evident, indeed, that just as it is impossible in the current of an impure river to separate a little circle of pure water by some chemical process, so it is impossible to live alone or in a society with some saints, in a whole world which lives in violence for money; ground and cattle must be bought or rented, relations must be entered into with the exterior, the non-Christian world. We cannot liberate ourselves from it, and we ought not to, except that in general we ought to abstain from those things which we need not do. We only deceive ourselves. The whole work of a disciple of Christ consists in establishing the most Christian relations with this world.

I think that not only there is no possibility of illuminating and correcting others without being enlightened and corrected one's self to the last possible limit, but that one cannot be enlightened and improved alone; that every time one is enlightened and works for the amelioration of one's self inevitably enlightens and improves others, and that this means is the only efficacious way of rendering service to others; the fire not only brightens and heats the object which feeds it, but inevitably brightens and heats the surrounding objects, and it produces this effect only when it burns itself.

Some ask: "If I become better will my neighbor become better?" To enlighten and to improve others, as I have already said, is done only by enlightening and improving one's self.

We all, according to our weaknesses, are removed more or less from the truth as we know it, but it is important not to deform the truth, to know that we are removed from it, and to aspire ceaselessly toward it, to be ready to listen to its voice, at any moment as the obstacles weaken.

LARGEST STORE IN THE WORLD.



The store which holds the honor of now being the largest in the world is located in the famous Russian city of Moscow, and the illustration will give a fair idea of its proportions. It covers twenty acres of ground and embraces no fewer than 1,000 business establishments, where thousands of merchants may be seen daily disposing of their wares. It is said that this gigantic bazaar cost \$10,000,000 to construct.

the Senate, and all the States have made good this condition by a safe margin of ten years. Only one man in the Senate does not give his age, Mr. Burton of Kansas, and for the purposes of this computation he has been rated at 50.

A curious case of disguised age appears among the House members in the biographical sketch of Mr. Lovering, author of the rebate bill. The directory which has just come out announced that he was born "about sixty years ago in Rhode Island." His biographical sketch has said the same thing ever since he has been in Congress, and he was elected for the first time in 1890 and came here in the spring of 1897.—New York Post.

INSURE CASH IN TRANSIT.

Banks Take Great Precautions to Avoid Losses by Express and Mail. The careless way in which large packages of bank notes were tossed through the windows of the New York postoffice this week for transmission to out-of-town points has excited the wonder of persons familiar with the risks involved and the sums at stake, says the New York Evening Post. The movement is especially heavy just now, aggregating from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 a week, and including consignments from most of the large banks and banking houses in the city. The currency is sent everywhere in single packages containing \$10,000 or less, protected by policies of insurance protecting the owners against every possible hazard at rates varying from 15 cents to 80 cents per \$1,000 of currency insured. Most of the notes are \$5, \$10 and \$20 denominations, besides supplies of ones and twos for use as "hand-to-hand money" for crop-movement purposes.

These transfers go to all sections of the United States, Canada, Great Britain and to continental points. The business has now grown to large proportions and is written by some of the strongest insurance companies of Europe and America. One very interesting claim paid a few days ago was for the loss of a parcel containing \$2,700 in bank notes shipped through the mails by a Canadian institution. The destination was a small postoffice, where the business was so light that the postmaster, not having the use of a safe in which to store valuables, was forced to take home every night undelivered registered mail that had arrived during the day. The package of bank notes was taken out of the office in this way, and just before the postmaster reached home he was attacked by footpads and relieved of the money. The loss was immediately reported, and the insurance company at once reimbursed the institution, at the same time offering \$500 reward for the detection of the thieves. The case has not been cleared up yet.

Packages containing \$29,000 of insured bank notes were on the train that went through a bridge in a Southern State last week. New York underwriters were much concerned over the incident until they discovered that the car in which the insured packages were stored remained safe on the rails. The largest single risk ever written was taken in England some time ago, when one package containing \$2,300,000 was insured.

CONTENTMENT.

I envy not the famous men
Of any time or land;
Horatius may have held the bridge,
I've held Myrtilla's hand.
Though Shakespeare may have written plays
And sonnets not a few,
Yet to Myrtilla I have penned
A joyous billet-doux.

Drake may have circled round the globe
And though that pleased his taste,
Suffice for me to have my arm
Around Myrtilla's waist.

Though Sherman may have made a march
From Atlanta to the sea,
A wedding march right up the aisle
Is good enough for me.
—Life.

A STORM AVERTED.

MISS JANE is in the garden," said the maid.
She was quite right. Jane was not only in the garden physically, but was also entirely absorbed in it, mentally. At all events, it was not until I had ventured on my third salutation that she condescended to become conscious of my presence.

"I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself!" she began encouragingly.
"It sometimes surprises me," I admitted.
Jane glared. She had a particularly demoralizing glare.

"It is a good thing you are able to see what cause there is for it," she said.
"Ah!" said I. "Shows there's not so much the matter with me, after all."
"After all what?"

"Well, of course, there have been times—I grew reflective—that Henry affair, for instance. It was, perhaps, hardly fair to the girl."
Jane was upon me at once.
"What girl?" she demanded.

"Oh, nothing. I beg your pardon. Thinking aloud, you know. Bad habit. Must break myself of it."
Jane did not follow my lead. My attempt to create a diversion was a failure.

"I hate men who think they know everything," she observed, sniffing a marguerite abstractedly and looking at nothing in particular.
I agreed. "So do I. Most objectionable animal."

"It seems to me that the very things they think they know are the things that anybody who does know could tell them they don't know."
I rested my head on my hand for a moment or two.

"Give it up," I said finally.
Jane was really quite angry. Her cheeks were flushed like wild rose petals. She looked so entirely kissable I had difficulty in restraining myself, but concluded that it would not be safe.

Besides we had broken off our engagement the day before.
"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"Sorry! Thought it was a riddle, you know." I smiled at Jane vacuously.
Jane stamped her foot. She was wearing very dainty shoes, I noticed.
"No one can call me unreasonable," she began.

"I wouldn't advise them to," said I.
"But"—Jane continued taking no notice of my remark—"in this instance I consider your conduct outrageous."
Here she threw out her arms in a manner too graceful to be believed unless seen, and apparently appealed to all the visible universe—including two rocks and a tortoise shell cat—for support.

"Upon my word, I don't know what you mean," I began, when a light dawned upon me. "Unless you happened to see the Times yesterday morning."
I felt very nervous.

"I did see the Times," said Jane, with all the severe dignity of which she was capable.
It occurred to me that it is astonishing how dignified she can look for so small a person.

"But you always have the Telegraph." I objected feebly.
"Mr. Timmins, who lives at the Gooseberry Bushes, was good enough to send me his copy of the Times last night, thinking I might be interested to see your letter. And," said Jane, freely, "I was."

I registered internally a vow to wring Mr. Timmins' neck, and burn the Gooseberry Bushes at the first available opportunity.
Jane was continuing.

"What do you know about 'The lack of the governing instinct in women? What do you know about women, indeed? Or about governing, for the matter of that?'"
I was dumb.

"What do you mean by saying that all history proves women to be absolutely a failure as rulers? What do you know about history? or about rulers? or about anything except tennis? And what about Queen Elizabeth? and Cleopatra? and Mrs. Fawcett? and that Assyrian woman? and ever so many of them?"
Jane paused for lack of breath.

I smiled a rather unsuccessful smile, and began to explain. I am good at explanations. As a matter of fact, I was very proud of that letter. It was full of close and careful reasoning, and had given me no end of trouble to write. That was why I wanted to put my name to it, thinking Jane would never see it.

But as matter.
After about an hour and a half of careful evasion and prevarication I succeeded in averting Jane's anger.
She apologized prettily, in the manner calculated to do the most good.

"How silly of me not to see that it was just a satire, and not meant seriously at all," she said.
There was an interval for refreshments.

"And you believe women can govern, after all," she observed again.
I hedged a bit. "Some women can."
It was the most I could bring myself to admit.

"Just wait until we are married," said Jane, playfully, "and you'll discover one of them!"

A TIBETAN AMBUSH IN MOUNTAINS.



Brief dispatches are being received via Calcutta telling of the hardships the British expedition into Tibet is encountering in the intense cold that now prevails on "the roof of the world" and of signs that the Tibetans are preparing to fight the British advance through the mountains, where narrow ledge paths and hazardous climbs will give the British columns much trouble and place it in danger of being caught in the cunningly contrived traps of the Tibetans.

LAWYER WHO WAS A TERROR.

Strange Character of John Taylor of the Early Arkansas Bar. At the last meeting of the Arkansas Bar association, says Law Notes, the president, George B. Rose, delivered an interesting address on "The Bar of Early Arkansas," in which he set himself the task of rescuing from oblivion some members of the early leaders of the bar and reconstructing the conditions under which they worked. Among them is represented the curious figure of John Taylor, whose picturesque and terrible character might well furnish a hint for a modern Sir Walter Scott, if he were fortunate enough to possess a successor to the great novelist.

John Taylor was only a sojourner in Arkansas from 1837 to 1844, but he was so remarkable a man that he should not be forgotten. * * * Everybody who heard him agreed that in capacity for inventive, for withering, blistering, venomous eloquence, he excelled any human being that ever spoke, and that he seemed possessed of a demonic power. He was a tall, lank, red-haired man, repulsively ugly, with little green eyes that glistened like those of a snake, and with a fashion of flicking out his tongue that was strangely serpentine. He talked to no one save on business. When he settled in Little Rock, whether he had come from Alabama after he had been defeated in candidacy for the United States senate, all the bar called on him, but he received them with repelling coldness, and returned no visits. He had a wife, but nobody ever saw her—wonderful thing considering the small size of Little Rock at that time.

During the seven years of his sojourn he never crossed any man's threshold, and no man crossed his. In riding the circuit he always rode alone, permitting no companionship, and while in attendance on court he would, if the weather permitted, live in a tent pitched in the neighboring wood, where he might not have to look on the hated face of his fellow man.

Yet this modern Timon, a thousand times more embittered and malignant than he of Athens, was a devout Christian, assiduous in his attendance at church, and always speaking with intense religious conviction. But this strange, invisible wife did not appear even on the sabbath.

As a lawyer he was a terror. His knowledge of law was prodigious and his memory of authorities almost superhuman. He could write out any of the verbiage, involved common law

pleadings word for word as they appeared in Chitty without looking at the book. He was a master of every technicality by which his adversary could be humiliated and overthrown, and when he arose to speak none could resist the fierce torrent of his fiery eloquence. He spared no one and feared no one; but while he never suggested a resort to personal violence, he always carried two pistols in the pockets of his long black coat, in readiness to repel any attack. In 1855 he reappeared one day in the Supreme court, much aged, but still erect, proud, scornful and malignant, and after looking around on such of his opponents as survived, departed without speaking to any one, and went forth upon his lonely way, whither no man knew.

Canary Birds in London. The recent sale in London of a pair of canaries for £70 has directed public attention to the "boom" now raging in these diminutive pets. Since King Edward took up the hobby of canary breeding prices have been steadily rising, and in many instances birds have changed hands for four times their weight in gold.

The most expensive variety are those with crests, or topknots, of feathers. Perfect crested canaries are very difficult to breed, and they are subject to blindness, the crest being cultivated to such an extent that it grows over the eyes and hides even the beak. Prices for good "crests" range from £5 to £40.

Norwich plainhead canaries are far more popular, but do not realize such high prices. At Huddersfield show recently a young bird, in its first season, was sold by auction for £5 10s. Mackley Brothers, of Norwich, whose last consignment of canaries to New York numbered 5,000, have sold several plainheads at prices ranging from £15 to £25 apiece.

Plainhead Norwich are bred almost exclusively for color properties, the most highly colored specimens invariably heading the list. For the purpose of enhancing the natural color large quantities of cayenne and other peppers are imported from Spain and given to the birds in a preparation of egg food. For first-class Yorkshire canaries there is a strong demand, but prices are not so remarkable, the highest reported being £30 for a sprightly young fellow exhibited at the recent Manchester show.—London Mail.

Some artists who are wedded to their art evidently married in haste and are repenting at leisure.
Each day brings its separate and distinct opportunities for doing good.

MODEST HOME OF ROSE.



George A. Rose, cashier of the Produce Exchange Bank at Cleveland, Ohio, who is charged, embroiled \$180,000 of the bank's funds, spent none of the money on his family. The cottage in which the Rose family lived on Republic street in Cleveland is one of the least pretentious on the street. Rose rented it from a neighbor. Outside a semi-weekly purchase of carnations, of which Rose and his wife were fond, there were only bare necessities in the home. The whole of the big sum, it is alleged, went into grain speculation.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 2, 1902. I was taken so bad the Doctor said I could not live over twenty-four hours at the most and I made all preparations to die. I could hardly eat anything, everything distressed me, and I was weak and sick all over. When in that condition coffee was abandoned and I was put on Postum; the change in my feelings came quickly after the drink that was poisoning me was removed.

"The pain and sickness fell away from me and I began to get well day by day, so I stuck to it, until now I am well and strong again, can eat heartily, with no headache, heart trouble or the awful sickness of the old coffee days. I drink all I wish of Postum without any harm and enjoy it immensely."

"This seems like a wonderfully strong story, but I would refer you to the First National Bank, the Trust Banking Co. or any merchant of Grant's Pass, Ore., in regard to my standing, and I will send a sworn statement of this if you wish. You can also use my name." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Still there are many who persist in foal themselves by saying "it don't hurt me." A ten days' trial of Postum in its place will tell the and many times save life.

"There's a reason." Look for the little book, "The Wellville," in each plug.

Lawyer Got Lion's Share.

Daniel Godwyn, who died in England in 1799, left an estate to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the remnants of this bequest have just reached that society in the shape of a sum of £244. It seems that the testator bequeathed household property to the society in violation of the Mortmain act. After a delay of fourteen years the estate went "into chancery," where it remained from 1783 until the other day, when the balance was paid out to the society, only £244 being left after payment of the expenses of such amazingly protracted litigation.

Teosinte and Billion Dollar Grass.

The two greatest fodder plants on earth, one good for 14 tons hay and the other 80 tons green fodder per acre. Grows everywhere, so does Victoria Rape, yielding 60,000 lbs. sheep and milk per acre.

JUST SEND 10c IN STAMPS TO THE John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive in return their big catalogue and lots of farm seed samples. (C. N. S.)

Why for the Wise.

Why does a woman cross in front of a car to save time, and then waste time talking about the motorman after the car has passed?

Why do men spend \$5 upon a theatrical manager to get passes worth only \$2?

Why does the smallest man always give up his seat to the stoutest woman in a crowded car?

Why does a car conductor say "Step lively!" to a woman when he knows that it will make her the more deliberate?

Why should a man marry a woman for her looks and then complain if others admire her?

Why does a widower pay a medium \$5 to hear his wife talk, when in life he would have given her a \$10 bill to keep quiet?

Why does the politician in public say "the masses" and in private "them asses"?

Why does a man who spends two hours smoking dice complain when asked to go down to the cellar and shake the furnace?

Why does the man whose cigars cost \$10 a hundred pay only 20 cents a pound for candy for his wife?

Why does the bald head who sits in the front row at the theater pick out the rear pew in the church—Atlanta Constitution.

Save the Slats.

New neighbors who pull the slats off the partition fence in the back yard to make communication easy will save the slats if they are wise, and also keep a few nails on hand.

DIDN'T BELIEVE

That Coffee Was the Real Trouble. Some people flounder around and take everything that's recommended to them, but finally find out that coffee is the real cause of their troubles. An Oregon man says:

"For 25 years I was troubled with my stomach. I was a steady coffee drinker, but didn't suspect that as cause. I doctored with good doctors and got no help; then I took almost anything which some one else had been cured with, but to no good. I was very bad last summer and could not work at times.

"On December 2, 1902, I was taken so bad the Doctor said I could not live over twenty-four hours at the most and I made all preparations to die. I could hardly eat anything, everything distressed me, and I was weak and sick all over. When in that condition coffee was abandoned and I was put on Postum; the change in my feelings came quickly after the drink that was poisoning me was removed.

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